POEMA MORTUALE:

OR, AN

ELEGY

UPON

DEATH,

THE

LAW of NATURE,

AND

TRIBUTE of MORTALS.

By *R. M.*

No *Poet*, nor the *Son* of a *Poet*.

Duſt (*Bodies*) are, and unto Duſt *return*:
Souls, locked are not in a ſable *URN*.

In Chriſto *vixi*; *morior*; *vivamque perenne*:
Gratia, Chriſte, *mihi*; *Gloria*, Chriſte, *Tibi*.

Anno Prædicto 1679.

I. The *Prologue.*

The *Vale* of the *Author*, to the *Reader.*

AS with *Hortenſius*, 'tis not with *Me*;
Unapt to *write*, but *apt* to *ſpeak* was *He*:
Nor do I with *ALBERICUS* compare,
Unapt to *ſpeak*, but *apt* to *write* his *ſhare*:
For *words*, or *works*, their *Genius* rarely lay,
But (haltingly) do I go (either) *way*.
Death, ſubject is; a *Cup* full to the *Brim*;
An *Ocean*, where *Elephants* may *ſwim*.
In *POETRY* I'm *learning* but to *ſpell*;
Are *Deeps* exhauſted with a *Muſcle-ſhell*?
One was a *Mute*, wiſe *Cato* being there;
Give fancy *Vent*, *Du-Bartas* was not here.
This *Poem* (now) takes air, our mortal *Fate*,
As to *CONDOLE*, ſo to *Congratulate*.
Doſt *live* to *dye*? this *ſhews* a (doleful) *ſtate*:
Doſt *dye* to *live*? this (Dolour) *antiquate*.
Is *Truth* the *White*? let that *Man* never *ſpeed*,
Who (from the *Iſſue*) cenſures of the *Deed*.
Man may *attempt* all *Men* to *pleaſe* as *ſoon*,
As *He* that made a *Veſtment* for the *Moon*,
To *ſuit* (each) *interchange*: ah (jugling) *Ape*!
Dayes (ſcarcely) two *She* keepeth in a *Shape*.
Proſe (*Poems* too) meet with a (critick) *wound*;
Some (Faults will *find*) beſides *Faults* to be *found*:
Wing *Momus* (then) this *Book* is not for *Thee*;
And *Zoilus* take thy *Flight* as *far* as *He*.
Art *Notional*? 'twas no Prophetick *Brain*,
Art *Critical*? 'tis no Poetick *Strain*;
But art *Celeſtial*? (here lies the *STRESS*)
Moſt (lovely) *Truth* ſhews in her (native) *Dreſs*.
Now, *Reader*, take; taſte; eat; but (alſo) *wiſh*;
'Tis (Lordly) *Fare*, though in an (earthen) *Diſh*.

II. The *Deſcription.*

PAle *Death* the *Subject* is; but what is *Death?*
From (lifened) *duſt*, but a (departed) *Breath.*
But is not *Death* (ſo worthy *Meditation*)
An *Eſſence?* No, nor *Subſtance*, but *Privation.*
There *Beings* are, but *Death* no *Being* have;
No *Creature* 'tis; for *Creatures* 'tis a *Grave.*
Death's but a *Fall*, which (by a Fall) *invaded*
This *Mierocoſm*; whereby he was *degraded.*
Some *Perſons* are for *Debts* in *PRISON* laid;
This *Debt* pays *Man*, though *Man* be left *unpaid.*
Man, mortal is; this *Microcoſmus* muſt
Strike *Sail* to *Death*, and *graved* be in *duſt.*
Life's but a breathing *Death*; a *Tale* that's told;
He doth but *live*, that *liveth* to be *old.*
A *Vapor* is man's *Life*; a *Taper* burning;
'Tis like the *wind* that *paſſeth* not *returning.*
Ah! what is *Life?* a *Flood*; and *Ebb*; and *Man*,
Sails (then) into a (timeleſs) *OCEAN.*
Ah puzling *Theme!* was *Auſtin* at a *loſs*
What *Life* to call? let not my *Gold* be *Droſs.*
Mans *Noſtril* is a *paſſage* for his *Breath*;
'Tis then a (dying) *Life*, or (living) *Death.*
Life's but a (dying) *Death*; our *Bodies* are
But (living) *Graves*; the *longeſt* Liver *ſhare*
But in a *ſpan* of *days*; Death (homeward) *ſends*;
A *CIRCLE* 'tis, beginning where it *ends.*
Ah daring *Death!* the *Tribute* due to *Nature*;
The *Law* of *Mortals*, not reflecting *Stature:*
And of the *Univerſe* the *Empereſs*;
That viſit *Mortals* in a various *dreſs.*

The

III. The *Assertion.*

THE *Hebrew* Proverb travels very far,
In *Golgotha* Skulls of all *Sizes* are.
Death's not a (bie) but (beaten) *path* for *All*;
Here *Crœsus*, *Codrus*, stumble may, and *fall*.
One *shoots* the *Gulf*, yet *grounds* upon a *Shelf*;
A *Manuscript* deceiveth *DEATH* it *self*.
No *distance* doth this *Law* of Nature know,
But *Mortals reap* according as they *sow*.
Death (to the *Grave*) is *path* for (any) *Foot*;
This (common) *Gulf*, the *mean* and *mighty* shoot.
They *blessed* are much more (let this take *Air*)
In *Peter*'s *Chain*, than *He* in *Peter*'s *Chair*:
Ah *Miscreant* to *refuge* in a *Lye*!
Ah *Monster-Man*! I *see* (as I pass by)
Thy *Triple-Crown* begins to stand *awry*;
Down (*Dagon-like*) let this fall from on *high*;
Break *Crown*, *Head*, *Neck*, this is the (common) *Cry*;
Thus *wished* 'tis, that thou may'st (ever) *dye*.
Popes (dyed) have, without a (doleful) *Song*,
Unless it were because they (lived) *long*.
Where's *Adam*? *Abram*? *Isa'c*? *Jacob*? Where?
Inventi non sunt; they *SEPULCRED* were.
What *Proto-Adam*? Yea, *He* was a *Man*;
Red-earth I *find*, when that his *name* I *scan*.
This *Proto-Man* finds *Death* on *Nature* enter;
Thus *earth* to earth *returns*, as to its *Center*.
What *Abraham*? 'tis *strange*; 'tis *true*, he *dies*,
And in the *CAVE* of *Mackpelah* he *lies*.
What *Isa'c* too, a *TYPE* so *eminent*?
Types, *Shadows* are; Death *pitched* hath his *Tent*
With *Abraham*: Ah when his *Days* were *seen*!
He (like a *Son*) unto his *FATHER* went.

WHat *Jacob* too? *Esau* supplanted *He*;
One named *right*, for *Name* and *Act* agree:
Ah but *Supplanters* may *supplanted* be!
Him daring) Death *transplanted* have I *see*.
Mortality (whatever Men *suggest*)
Antiquity hath for her (native) *Crest*:
Did not Death *reign* from *ADAM* unto *MOSES*?
Wher's *Matthew*? *Mark*? *Paul*? *Peter*? *James*? and *Joses*?
Our *Fathers* where are *They*? the greatest *Sage*
Is *slily* passing; *going* off the *STAGE*.
Well *stiled* (then) is *Death*, most aged *King*,
Who led the *Van*, and up the *Rear* does *bring*.
Ah read Death's *Motto* in a *Ladies* Line!
My *lot*'s to *Day*; to *morrow* may be thine:
And *wonder* not at that true *Celled-sense*,
Amongst these *Skulls* I *find* no difference.
But where's *Methuselah* of all most *gray*?
Scan but his *name*, the *word* the *man* bewray;
Years lived *he* Nine hundred sixty nine,
But *dyed* then; no *longer* was his *Line*.
Though many (now) on *Beds* of *IVORY*
Do *stretch* themselves; yet these must also *lie*
In *Beds* of *Earth*; this *Tribute* pay they *must*,
And for their *Heads* a *Pillow* have of *Dust*.
The great *Mogul* erects his *Nest* on *high*;
But *liveth* he, that shall not (also) *dye*?
All *dyed* have, that *lived* have; or have
Translated been, and so *deceiv'd* the *Grave*:
Thus *dye* shall *All* that *live*, or *changed* be;
From *ADAM* all *derive* their *Pedigree*.
Now, *Reasons* take (from *one* so *low* in *Stature*)
Why *Death* should be a *Tribute* due to *Nature*.

IV. The *Reaſons.*

1. The *Decree* of *God.*

DEath, *ſeizeth* All, for this is God's *Decree*;
She *ſeizeth*, but will not *ſurrender* Thee.
Death (Heavens *Statute* is) in *Scripture-ſenſe*,
Each mans *line* meets in this *Circumference*.
Earth, *Heaven*, *Hell*, their *Laws* are *different*,
(If *writing* thus be not *impertinent*:)
Earths Law *municipal*, is (once) to *dye*;
But *Heavens* is to live *eternally*:
Hell (alſo) hath a *LAW*, to *dye* for *ever*;
Take *proſpect* (here) of three; *Once*; *alway*; *never*.

2. The *Matter* of the *Body.*

ADd (nextly) now the *Matter* of the *Man*;
This *Fabrick* (then) *Eternize* if ye *can*.
Ah *mortal* Man! made up of *Elements*;
Earth, *Air*, *Fire*, *Water*, are *Ingredients*:
For *Man* to *dye*, to me appeareth *juſt*,
Who (at the firſt) was *reared* out of *duſt*.
The *Breath* of *God*, the *Soul* I find to be;
The *Work* of *God*, the *Body* ſeems to *me*.
The *Building*'s *Clay*, the *Baſis* (alſo) *Duſt*;
The *Creature* to the *Center* (dying) muſt.

3. The *Merit* of *Sin.*

ALl *ſinned* have, and therefore *All* muſt *dye*;
This muſt be *true*, or *Truth* muſt be a *Lye*.
The *Soul* dyes not, 'tis an (immortal) *Spirit*:
The *Body* dyes, 'tis *Sins* (undoubted) *Merit*.
Sins *venial*, and *mortal*, *Papiſts* make;
But this *diſtinction* is a groſs miſtake.
As *Adam*'s bounds were ſet, and *Soul* endued;
So *breaking* theſe, a (double) *Death* enſued.
'Tis *better* thus (infernal) *Sophiſtry*
To naus'ate, than a (double) *Death* to *dye*.

V. The *Uſes.*

THree *Uſes* (now) of daring *Death* be *making*;
High *Prudence* 'tis right *Meaſures* to be *taking*.

I. Of *Trial.*

TRy, *mortal* Man; come to the *Teſt*, and try;
Stage *Perſons*; alſo *Things*; yet Man muſt *dye*.
Can any *PERSON*? Or, can any *THING*
(That Perſons *deck*) match *Death*? this (timely) bring.

1. Of *Beauty.*

CAN *Beauty* (that's a *Snare*) from Death's *Arreſt*
Bail *MORTALS*? No; as *Ages* do *atteſt*.
Can *Beauty* (ſo *admired* by the *Tall*?)
No, mortal *Man*, for Nature caught a *Fall*,
When *ſhe* was *young* (as did a petty *Prince*)
Which cauſed hath her *halting* ever *ſince*.
She's *courted*; *painted*; *ſpotted*; yet I *ſee*,
'Tis (native) *Beauty* without *ſpots* to *be*.
Some *try* to *mend*, but while they *mend*, they *marr*;
For *Beauty-ſpots*, the *SPOTS* of *Beauty* are.
Fade *Beauty* will like *Flowers* of the *Field*;
Not *ſhot-free* girded with an *Ajax*'s Shield.
She *fades*; *faints*; *falls*; and (*running* of her *Race*)
Hath for her *Scutch'on* but a (wrinkled) *Face*.
Where's *Sarah* that the *Court* of *Pharaoh* charm?
This (daring) *Death*, this *Beauty* doth *alar'm*.
Where's *Abſalom*, the *Beauty* of his *Age*?
He *acts* his *part*, and *goeth* off the *Stage*.
From *Head* to *Foot*, no *Blemiſh* could be *found*;
But Beauty *dyes*; Death *marching* is her *Round*.
This *Tribute* due to *Nature* payed *He*;
The *Halter* was his *Hair* upon a *Tree*.
Here (*Iſr'el*'s *Mirror*) had his mortal *Stroak*;
Will others (now) call this the Royal *Oak*?

Can

II. Of *Men*, and *Means*.

CAn *Men*, or *Means*? each *Creature* in its *Station*,
From Natures *inſtinct* plot its *Conſervation*.
What *Drug* by *Galen* could *preſcribed* be?
Or could *Hippocrates* by *DOSES* free
His Patients? No; they *differ* as to *Stature*,
Yet payment make of *Tribute* due to *Nature*.
For Spirits *Chymiſts* are; *Phlebotomy*
A *Monſter* ſeems in that *extracting eye*:
They *breathe* no *Veins*; rare *Spirits* they *apply*;
But *ſalved* is not *DEATH* by Chymiſtry.
Two wayes there are *Diſeaſes* for to *cure*;
But neither can face-paling *Death* allure:
Is *Sympathy* the *way*? the *Arrow*'s wide,
For *Digby* that admired *Artiſt* dy'd.
Or is *ANTIPATHY*? ah but *undarted*
Is ſtill the *White*! beloved *Luke*'s departed.
Speak *Borgius* (that I may hear the *ſound*)
Who *Remedies* for all *Diſeaſes* found,
But *Death*; He *dyes*, and *dying* did *aſſure*
No *Drug*, or *Doſe*, of Death could make a *Cure*.
Let *Nature* (now) moſt *fortifie* that *can*,
Health's higheſt *ſphere* a *Criſis* proves to *Man*.
One way to *come* (into) the *World* had *all*;
But to *go* (out) a *thouſand*; and to *fall*,
A *Nail* kills *Siſera*; but, by a *Stone*
Goliah falls; for he would ſtand *alone*;
This *Giant* (now) *meets* with a mortal *Blow*;
Right goes an *Arrow* out of Heavens *Bow*;
One wound *Goliah* kills, but *twenty three*
Great *Cæſar* had, and then *departed* he.
Strong *Samſon* enters now, of whom 'tis *ſaid*,
He Rubbiſh *made*, and under Rubbiſh *laid*.
Thus *Men*, and *Means*, diſputing *Con* and *Pro*,
Do *act* their *Parts*, and off the *Stage* do *go*.

III. Of *Honour* and *Policy*.

CAN *Honour*? No, the tallest *Pines* are *ſhaken*
By ſmalleſt *winds*; and may not this *awaken*?
Sure *footing* (Soul) hath not *Magnificence*;
This may be in the Preterperfect *Tenſe*:
This (Bucket-like) now up, now down, is *She*;
But (down) the *mot'on* ſwifteſt ſeems to *me*.
Could I *prefer*, ſuch have *Preferment* ſhould,
Not that *would* Places, but that *Places* would.
All worldly *Grandeur* in the *Duſt* is *laid*;
As *Cæſar took*, ſo *Cæſar* Tribute *paid*.
Thus ROMAN *Honour* paſſeth as a *Blaſt*,
Though *Pompey* flew, *ſlain Pompey* was at *laſt*.
High *Haman* ſtaged is (making uproar;)
Next to the *King* does now this *Abject* ſoar:
As to *Deſign*, in *feviſh blood* he *wallows*;
As to *Deſert*, aſcendeth *He* the *Gallows*.

CAN *Policy*? No; *MAZIRINI* may
Strike *Sail* to *Death*, and go this (common) *way*.
Ah where's *Pythagoras*, with prudent *Cato*?
Where's *Seneca*, with *Socrates* and *Plato*?
Where's *Cicero*, with *Athen's Legiſlators*?
And where's *Apollo*, with the *Commentators*?
But where is that (admired) *Ariſtotle*?
(Yet *Euripus* would not into his *Bottle*:)
So (often) *ebb*, and *flow* this *Deep*, that *He*
(*Unſatisfied*) would the *Bottom* ſee.
But where's *Achitophel*? accurſed may
Such *Policy* be to the (latter) *Day*:
An ORACLE was *He* within his *Age*;
But *hangs* himſelf, and *falleth* off the *Stage*.
Where's *Solomon*, more *wiſe* than any *other*?
That could *detect* the *true* from *feigned* Mother:
Ah (turbid,) *Death*! *He* was a (mortal) *Sage*;
And being mortal *goeth* off the *STAGE*.

Can

IV. Of *Wealth.*

CAN *Riches?* No; or *Truth* is made a *Lye*;
But *Wealth's* a gilded, lying *VANITY.*
The *World* (saith One) to *Man* is God's *Epiſtle*;
But (often) *proves* to *Man* a vexing *Thiſtle.*
The *World's* a *Labyrinth*; my Soul *beware*;
And (*Michal*-like) is *given* as a *Snare.*
Ah *bitter-ſweet*, and that but for an *hour!*
Sweet is the *Promiſe*, but the *Payment* ſowre.
The *World's* a *Cheat*; the things thereof *decay*;
And (*Laban-like*) for *Rachel Leah* pay.
A *Syrens* Song, and unto Whoredom *pander*,
Which cauſeth many (*Dinah-like*) to *wander.*
Ah *England* mourn, and grow into a *Paſſion!*
The *Spaniſh* Mode, is now an *Engliſh* Faſhion.
Moſt vainly *Mortals* worldly things *aſpire*;
Theſe are not *Food*, but *Fewel* to *Deſire.*
Shall *Hearts* be *ſet* on that, where (onely) *Feet*
Should *ſtanding* be? hence *bearing* but a *Sheet.*
Job ſtaged is, and not for *Wealth* the *leaſt*,
But *greater* than the *greateſt* of the *Eaſt*;
His *Subſtance* winged is (the *Blow* was *ſuch*;)
But *Jah Jehovah* gives him *twice* as *much.*
No *Object* for the *Eye* is *Wealth*, and can
This *Object* be unto the *Heart* of *Man?*
But *worldly* Men make for *themſelves* a *Rod*,
Below a *Soul*, is *all* below a GOD.
Where's *Craſſus? Cræſus? Crates? Ariſtippus?*
Or *Cyrus? Xerxes? Dives* and *Philippus?*
Left by the *World* are *they*, where (*living*) find them;
And (*dying*) they do *leave* the *World* behind them.
Where's *He* that had ſo vaſt a *Territory?*
Who *Ruler* was (according to the *Story*)
Of *Provinces* an Hundred twenty ſeven;
The *Man* is *dead*, and gone to *Hell*, or *Heaven.*

Can

V. Of *Fortitude.*

CAn *Fortitude*? This *Mortals* rarely *deck*;
A (rare) but (rich) *Gem* 'tis about the *neck*
Of *Potentates*; refute it if ye *can*,
Son unto *Cæsar Valor* makes a *Man.*
Great *Alexander* would *immortal* be
Unwounded; wounded *mortal* proved *he.*
Where's (little) *David*? yet hath (little) *Fear*;
Who *killed* both the *Lyon* and the *Bear*:
Philistine-foreskins hanged up may be,
As (signal) *Trophies* for a *Saul* to *see*:
Yea, *Gath-Goliah*, dreadful in his *motion*,
Had (native) *Blood* prescribed for a *Potion*:
Ah but he *dyes* (as *Scripture* hath *averred!*)
And in the (Royal) *City* was *interred.*
Stout *Hannibal* (*Rome's Terror*) where is *He*?
Or those stout *Scipio's*, that would not *flee*?
Where's *Saladine*, that (Oriental) *Victor*?
Or where should I *dig* for (puissant) *Hector*?
Huniades doth next *ascend* the *STAGE*,
Who (all his Race) did *war* with *Turcists* wage;
In *Battels* many (stoutly) he *engage*,
And (thorough Valor) *Turky* did *enrage*:
To this (vast) *Empire* dreadful was his *name*,
Their (crying) *Babes* were *stilled* with the *same*;
Jobs (iron) *Pen* take to *engrave* his *Fame*,
(My *Narrative* defective is, and *lame*;)
That to *Posterity* transmitted may
His *Valor* and his *Conquest* be I say.
Where's *Scanderbeg*? who was so *valorous*;
And with his *Valor* so *victorious*:
In more than twenty *Battels* he *engage*
Proud *Saracens*; whose right *Arm* did *presage*
His *Valor* and his *Conquest* in his *Age*:
This (matchless) *Valor* goeth off the *Stage*,

Can

VI. Of *Learning*.

CAn *Learning*? This to *Tully* doth *allye*;
Knots-Gordian this (thorough Art) *untye*;
Which one no *way* but (by his Sword) *eſpie*:
But did not *Tully*, and his *Nephew* dye?
Keep *Learning* in her (native) *Orb*, and thus
Shall due *Reſpect* be for *Philologus*.
Wher's *Homer*? *Horace*? *Zeno* and *Prochorus*?
Or *Xenophon*? *Tertullus*? *Theodorus*?
Wher's *Plato*? *Plautus*? *Plutarch*? *Theophraſtus*?
Or *Memucan*? *Alvarez* and *Eraſtus*?
Wher's *Auſtin* with his *Tract* of *Recantation*?
Or *Ambroſe*, modeſt in his *Meditation*?
Though *Ignorance* to *Learning* giveth *check*,
Yet (ſurely) this the *Sons* of *Adam deck*.
Thus *Learning* in a *Lord* (as was of *old*)
Aſſimilates a *DIAMOND* in *Gold*.
Wher's *Origen* ſo full of *Allegories*?
Or *Moderators* in the *Conſiſtories*?
Wher's *Jewel*, who the *Truth* defended *well*?
Or *Bolton*, on *Death*, *Judgment*, *Heaven*, *Hell*?
Wher's *Chryſippus*? his *Study* might have bled him,
(For ought I ſee) had not *Meliſſa* fed him.
Wher's *Hilary* for *Stile* ſo greatly *eyed*?
Or *Gregory*, that was ſo *mortified*?
Wher's *Baſil*? *Beda* too? ſo *preaching* then
(If one ſpeaks *Truth*) the *ſtones* did cry *Amen*.
Where are thoſe *prying Ones* of *Iſſachar*?
And wher's *Eraſmus* learnings morning *Star*?
Wher's *CYPRIAN* ſo worthy *Martyrdom*?
With very many more? but here's no *room*.
Wher's *Moſes*, mighty, both in *Words* and *Deeds*?
Death (unto *Death*) the *man* in *Moab* bleeds.
Wher's *Cranmer*? *Ridley*? *Lambert*? and the *reſt*?
Ah *dead* are *theſe*, and *dying* are the *beſt*!

Art

II. Of *Terror*.

ART out of *Christ*? On *Ebal* ſtand I muſt
And *Lectures* (now) not (onely) *read* of *Duſt*.
But (alſo) *Wrath*, that's *blown* into a *flame*:
Almighty *Breath* is *kindler* of the *ſame*.
To *Souls* in *Chriſt*, Death is moſt *amiable*;
Moſt *terrible* of all things *formidable*
To Chriſtleſs Ones; yea (this) appears to *me*
Of *HELL* the very *Suburbs* for to be.
Ah mortal *Man!* If I may ſpeak my *Senſe*,
Infernal *Dregs* are in the (future) *Tenſe*.
'Tis pity that an *ENOSH* is *deterred*
From (dying) *Thoughts*, for *Bildad* hath *averred*
That *Death* the King of *Terrors* is to *thee*,
If *Chriſtleſs* dying; and thus unto *me*.
Lend but an *Ear* to what the *Romiſts* ſay,
Rome (unto *Heaven*) is the (onely) *way*:
Ah but (my Soul) go not ſo far *about!*
A *Papal-Toe* may (ſometimes) have the *Gout*:
Rome's *Monſter* goeth *wrong*, and will not *ſuffer*
A going *right*; this *Candle* wants a *Snuffer*;
Yea, an *Extinguiſher*, that *lighted* may
A *better* be, and *light* a (better) *way*.
Ah needs muſt *Hell* a diſmal Dung'on be!
Where Heavens *Sun* ſhall never *ſhine* to *thee*.
Sin, hath no *Mean*, but not at all to be;
Sin, is the *Means* for to endanger *thee*.
Prepare for *Death*; let this *appear* to *thee*
Certain; *uncertain* is the *Time* to *me*.
Death (if no *Children*) did a *Rachel* cry;
Ah *crying* be a *Chriſt*, or elſe I *dye!*
Doth *Death* arreſt, and find thee without *Grace*?
With *Judas* (then) go to thy proper *place*.
If (true) *Grace* (here) ſhall not *implanted* be,
Then *Woe*, *Woe*, *Woe* (hereafter) unto *thee*.

III. Of *Triumph.*

Aſcend (my *Soul*) on Mount *Gerizim* ſtand;
A taking *Proſpect* is the Holy *LAND.*
Be *joyous* Saint, no *Corroſive* to *thee,*
Of (ſtingleſs) *Death* can a *Memento* be.
Not *fuller* is of *light* the *Worlds* bright *eye*;
Nor yet the *Sea* with *water* (never *dry*)
Then that mans *Heart* with *joy* who (truly) ſee
The *Death* of *Chriſt*, the *Death* of *Death* to be:
Had *Heaven* Sin (thus *Anſelm* ſpeaks about it)
Much rather would *He* be in *Hell* without it.
A *drop* of *Sin*, doth unto *Mortals* bring
More *evil* than a *Sea* of *Suffering.*
There may be *Sorrow* without *Sin*, but *can*
Sin (without *Sorrow*) be unto the *man?*
Death's an *Eclipſe*; to *man* this *happen* may
As in a (clear) ſo on a (cloudy) *day.*
None (until *Death*) were bleſt in *Solon*'s eye;
They *bleſſed* are, that in a *JESUS dye.*
Ah (moment) *Man!* be *winged* like a *Dove*;
And *reſtleſs* too, till *Arked* with thy *Love*:
Solace thy ſelf with *Loves*; If *Chriſt* be *thine,*
GALL into *Honey*, *WATER* into *Wine,*
Converted are: Now *Marah* taſteth *ſweet*;
And (lovely) will *appear* a (winding) *ſheet.*
Make *Death* familiar; this *welcome* thus;
Come *Life*, come *Death*, with good *Ignatius.*
The *preſence* of all *Good*, is *Heaven*; and
The *abſence* of all *Evil*: Here's a *Land!*
Oh then (my Soul) *ſuck* ſweetly here, and *crave* it!
An *Heaven* 'tis to *hope* it; what to *have* it?
Thus, Time's a *Space*, lent from *Eternity*;
A *Globe*, that *rolls* with (ſlie) *Celerity*:
As it is true, *Alpha* it is that *lends* it;
It is as true, *Omega* 'tis that *ends* it.

Faith

VI. The *Epilogue.*

FAith (thorough *Grace*) make (now) of Sacred *Truth*?
Muſt *NESTOR* dye? ſo may the *Shumem-Youth.*
'Tis true, *Life* is the *Triumph* of each *Stature*;
'Tis true, *Death* is the *Tribute* due to *Nature.*
All *Ages*; *Statures*; *Sexes*; *Siſes* muſt,
This *payment* make, and *bedded* be in *duſt.*
And he dyed, this *Epitaph* muſt have
Each *individual*, upon his *Grave.*
Death (ingreſs) had by *Sin*; this (ſadly) *woundeth*;
Sin (egreſs) hath by *Death*; this (gladly) *ſoundeth.*
Reader; the (*Bodies-death*) doth *perfectly*
From (*Deaths-body*) the Saint *indempnifie.*
Death, a *Dilemma* is; *non-pluſt* are *All*,
Who enter *Liſts*, and ſo *reſign* the *Wall.*
The *Fear* of *Death*, the *Soul* with *Terror* fill;
Death killeth (once) but *Fear* doth (often) *kill.*
A *Creature* (with the *Ephemera*) may
Be (as to *Life*) a *Creature* of a *Day.*
Years unto *One* the *God* of *Nature* gives;
Another not a *Day* in *Nature* lives:
View *Nature* (now) and in this (Glaſs) *deſcry*;
Art a *Day* old? then *old* enough to *dye.*
The *beſt* of *Men*, they are but *Men* at *beſt*;
The *worſt* of *Men*, dye *ſooner* than the *reſt.*
In *hearing*, *hear*; in *ſaying* (alſo) *ſay:*
In *trying*, *try*; in *praying* (alſo) *pray:*
In *doing*, *do*; in *giving* (alſo) *give:*
In *living*, *dye*; in *dying* (alſo) *live.*

Are grace-ful *Veins* found *running* thorough *Thee*?
All *Glory* (then) be *given* unto *THREE.*

FINIS.